Talk of the Stranger

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by hedonistconstant

Summary

When Will finally dreamt, on a little boat floating in the sea. He imagined Hannibal dead; he imagined his body cold, rigid. He imagined him cool to the touch, his body rigged. His eyes closed, or wide-open staring up at nothing. Staring up at nothingness. The righteousness he would feel in his death. That he deserved it. The cold feel of Hannibal's blood on his hands. The fact that Hannibal couldn't leave him like this. He would be stuck with him forever. Quiet for once, rigid and cold. Sometimes Will would long for this.

But, Will always seemed to go back and forth on what he wanted to do when he found Hannibal. Was he going to join him? Would he kill him? He didn't know if he planned to kill Hannibal. He did, however, know he had plans on how he wanted to kill him. With his hands. Something intimate. He didn't want to see him dead, but he felt like he had to. The same way that he felt like he had to work for Jack. Like it was what he had to do to repent for something. For what, he wasn't sure. For being himself maybe.

Notes

Hi!
This fic has some serious elements in it! So please read carefully! Will does do some violent things, and may or may not kill somebody. So please, read at your own discretion.

Lovely fanart is @FeatheredWendi1
Please go check out his work, he's an amazing artist/author.

See the end of the work for more notes

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He wasn't sure what he would do when he found Hannibal. Which is why he started exploring other places. When he was slowly making his way to Lithuania, he stopped to get a room in a small hotel. The lady at the front didn't speak English, but happily took the money that he offered.

He silently accepted the key and went to find his room. He was so in his head, his dream the night before coming up that he can't seem to think of anything but Hannibal. It's like the man is trapped in his head trying to get out. Dead or alive, Will is sure the man is never going to leave him. Always trapped inside his mind, trapped inside his thoughts.

Will sighs, as he opens the door to the small dingy hotel room. After seeing Hannibal's heart. After being so close to him in Florence. Will felt like he needed to sleep for a month. He was sure he wouldn't get any rest, Hannibal's voice just stuck so harshly in his head. He wondered if he heard him. If he felt his forgiveness.

Will throws his small back down on the bed and goes to the shower. He would need to get ready for his travel in the morning, and he wasn't sure he was going to let himself stop like he did today. He didn't deserve rest. He didn't deserve anything.

When he got out of the shower, he walks to his little room and lays on the bed. He didn't feel well enough to put his clothes on and he has no energy to do anything. His thoughts stray to Hannibal like they were reminding him that his thoughts never strayed too far from him. They were stuck, replaying that night. Replaying the weeks of choices, he made when he got out of prison. Replaying his decision to betray Hannibal. To betray Jack.

To betray himself.

He fell asleep not long after, not even thinking about letting himself underneath the blanket. His mind was somewhere else, somewhere on a cold kitchen floor. Covered in Abigail's blood. Covered in his own. He could still taste it.
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When he woke up, he was standing in the hallway, and he freezes. When had he gotten up? He wasn't sick anymore. There is no reason he should be sleepwalking. In his sleepwalking, he had gotten dressed, though the buttons on his shirt were messed up. He stares at them for a second and looks around wondering why he had woken up. What had drawn him from his sleep?

He hears a voice, a low laugh, and the deep rumble of a familiar voice. Will feels the voice go through his bones. Settle into them. The laugh was different, loud and boastful. Will feels his feet moving him towards the voice without his permission. He should run and hide, avoid the person who sounds so like Hannibal. But he was dying to know.

He had to know who it is.

He walks up to a doorway, his hand hovering on the doorknob. The laughter he could still here, but there were no other voices. There could the sound of a tv in the background. The voice was loud, probably yelling at a sport. Will presses his ear against the door, listening to Hannibal's voice. He remembers the last time they spoke before the scene in the kitchen. Will closes his eyes, breathing out deeply.

He swears he can feel his touch. Smell him. Will lets out a low sigh, his hand curling on the doorknob before he noticed it. The noise had stopped, and the door opened Will falling without something to lean on. The man steps back, letting Will fall on the ground. Looking up at the man, he had a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. His mouth was curled into a smirk, and he looked vaguely like hadn't slept in the past year.

He looked just like Hannibal. Just like him, scruffier with hair longer than Will ever saw him. He was wearing a white tank top, something he was positive he would never see Hannibal in. But they could be twins, the same cheekbones, the same dark eyes.

Will stares up at him, and the man silently stares back, his mouth hanging open a little bit. He takes a drag of his cigarette and flicks the ashes on the ground. Will scrambles to stand up, putting distance between them. The man looks slightly puzzled, but still had a tilt to his hips that screamed confidence. He was so different from Hannibal yet…

"What the fuck are you doing?" he takes another drag of his cigarette and looks at Will with narrowed eyes.

"I just…" His eyes are still on his hands, identical to Hannibal. They could be twins. Will draws in a deep breath.

"You just?" The man leans against the door jam, taking another drag of his cigarette.

"I thought you were somebody else." Will steps back, trying to avoid him the intense way the man was looking at him. It made him feel like it was Hannibal. He had the urge to kiss him, to strangle him. The man could probably take him though, he was thickly built. Strong looking. Will wanted to tear him apart.

“Seems like you thought I was somebody pretty else. You got some intense emotion in your eyes. Dead ex-husband or something?” The man looked at him like he could see right through him. God, he was so like Hannibal. Even with how different he was.

“Just an old friend.” They hadn’t known each other very long Will realized after he said that. He and Hannibal had barely known each other a year, yet Will feels like he was the only friend he ever had. He wondered if that was sad. The man takes another drag.

“Do you want to come in? I’m not about this fucking standing here watching you have a fucking moment.” Will nods silently and follows him inside. When Nigel closes the door, he locks three locks loudly in place. Will feels a shiver go up his spine, but he doesn’t feel in danger. But he felt like he might have traded one dangerous man for another.

“Do you want a beer?” For the first time Will noticed how accented the man was, he must have been somebody who was from around here. He tried to get a feel for the man, but his mind was clouded over the fact how much he reminded him of Hannibal.

The man steps back, and Will steps forward without really thinking about it. He just wanted to be close to him. His thoughts stray to Hannibal, somewhere around Europe. Doing God knows what with God knows who. Will didn’t want to think about it.

“Do you have anything stronger?” Nigel lets out a bark of a laugh and closes the door behind him.

Getting Nigel drunk was probably the easiest thing that Will had done in the past 6 months. He matched Will shot for shot, easily accepting anything Will poured for him. Will stopped drinking them after the 3rd shot. Nigel and he talked easily, Will easily mirroring him. Will doesn’t offer any information about himself, but Nigel easily talks about himself. He talked about his wife, the man she left him for. Being shot, how he was planning to move to California at the end of the week. The more he drank the louder he got.

“That’s why I gotta move on. This hotel is bad, but nobody is looking for me out here…” Will looks up at as Nigel trails off. Nigel had his head back on the crappy hotel chair, the bottle of whiskey hanging from his fingers. Will stands up, walking over grabbing the bottle. He snaps his fingers in front of him. Nigel doesn’t do anything but snort his head tilting back more.

Will with a grim look on his face, bends down to pick Nigel up. He was heavy, and it took Will a few tries to get him over his shoulder. When he finally gets him up, he moves him to the bed. It wasn’t as hard as it should have been. Will feels like he’s been taken over by somebody else as he lays Nigel down. His face. It looks so much like Hannibal. His clothes…

Will slowly takes off his clothes, unbuttoning his pants and dragging them down slim thighs. He was thinner than Hannibal was too, though more muscular. If Will could take his time with this, he would tie him up. Fatten him up. Feed him all the good food Hannibal made. Teach him to speak like Hannibal did. But he didn’t have time for that. He didn’t know if anybody would be looking for the man, so it gave him one night. He used a belt he found in the man’s luggage to tie him to the bed. He leaves the room for a moment, coming back with

a container of sleeping pills that Alana had given him almost a year ago. He had never used in, but he was sure that they would be good for what he wanted to do.

He silently walked over to the cheap-looking bedside table and spends a few second crushing them up. Two should be fine, he wanted him somewhat lucid. He didn't want to accidentally kill the man. He told himself repeatedly that he didn't have to kill him. He didn't want to kill Hannibal. He shouldn't kill this man for just looking like him. Putting the crushed tablets into some water he walks back to the man. He was still passed out, his head lulled to the side.

Will leans down and cups his cheek, stroking his cheek over the soft stubble that he found there.

"When Hannibal drugged me, I didn't remember it at all. I'm still not sure all that was done to me. Maybe he did this. Maybe he didn't. I don't think I'll ever know. But, you will remember it. I need you to for some reason." He sticks his finger in Nigel's slightly open mouth so that he can fully get his fingers inside. He dips the water into his mouth. Stroking his throat so that it would go down easier, Nigel's eyes open slightly.

"See, I think he did it because he could. He drugged me because he wanted to, he wanted to see what would happen. I guess this is similar, but I also want to see a specific thing. I want to see him weak. I don't think after what I did… after what I did, he'll ever let me. But with you, I have the chance to. I can do whatever I want to you right now. It's a powerful feeling." Nigel's eyes roll and he coughs slightly on the water. Will stands back, feeling overwhelmed.

What should he do now? He didn't plan this out. This was all happening very quickly.

Who was he? To do this to a stranger. He didn't deserve it.
But Hannibal did.

Hannibal did deserve this.

He needed to find some rope or tape.

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"You'll feel kind of groggy. Please, don't struggle." Will pushed up his glasses, his voice low as he hovers over Nigel. "There was a murderer in New Orleans, who left his victims like this. I've never tried it before, but my empathy is good for something other than nightmares."

Nigel arms and legs were tied behind him. Will had tried to make it as comfortable as possible, but the knots also took him a good hour to get correctly. He had run out of rope at some point, so Nigel's legs were mostly held together with duct tape. The gag in his mouth just ended up being a shirt he found with tape over it. He made sure that he could easily breathe out of his nose though.
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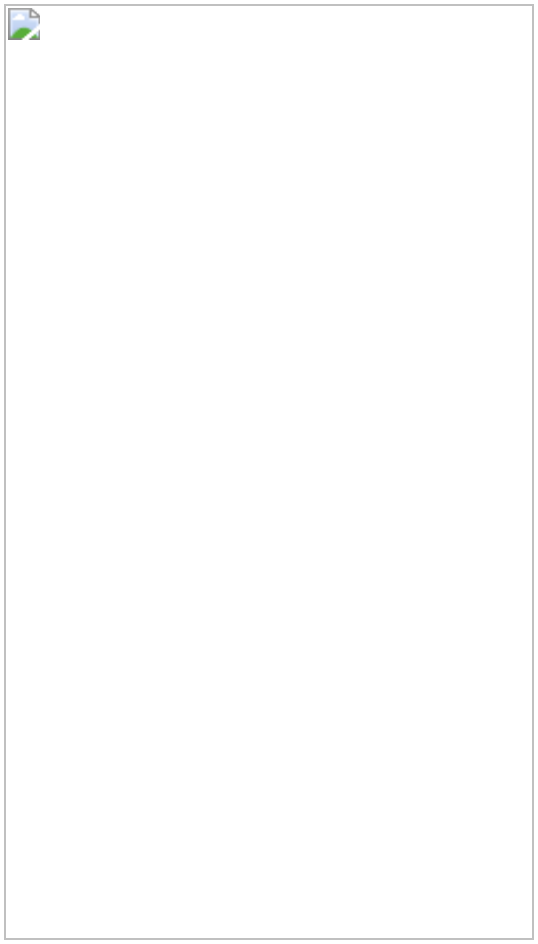

He kept telling himself he wasn't doing this to kill him. He wasn't a murderer, no matter what Hannibal wanted him to believe about himself.

Nigel, of course, started to struggle the more awake he became. Will sighs, wishing he was more like Hannibal in temperament. Hannibal would have just sat there. And took it.

"If you don't calm down, I won't let you be awake for this. And trust me, when I said it will be worse to wake up too." Will's voice was low, and he walks over to Nigel. The room was dark, but he could see how wide Nigel's eyes where. The gag in his mouth kept him from being too loud. But he still let out a few grunts as he tried to talk around it. He looked angry, though a little cloudy with what drugs were left in his system. He couldn't move more than shifting a little bit, which Wil was happy about. Nigel was bigger than him, and he could probably beat the shit out of him even drugged if he could get out of being tied down.

Nigel seems to notice this at the same time and Will notice him slowly forced himself to relax. Smiling, Will let his hand pet through his hair. It wasn't gelled back like Hannibal had kept his. It was soft to the touch, maybe even a little longer. Will feels himself smile, thinking about if he would have let it grow out if they had all got to run away with each other. Like Hannibal had planned.

Shaking the thought of his head he kneels on the bed next to Nigel. "I don't think he ever tied me up. I was sick when he did this. The stuff he did to me, I'm sure I just sat there. And let him. Sometimes I wonder if I would have stopped him even if I was awake." He pets through

Nigel's hair one more time, Nigel's eyes were watching him carefully. He didn't seem afraid. Maybe he wasn't so different from Hannibal.

Will quietly gets the knife out of his pocket, it made a loud click as he opens it. Nigel's eyes widen, but he doesn't react in any other way. He doesn't tense up, which gave Will the feeling that this wasn't the first time that somebody had pulled a knife on him. Will gently held out his hand, and test how sharp it was. Blood slowly seeped from the wound, but Will didn't feel the pain from the cut. Hannibal wouldn't. He never seemed to feel pain. The face that he made after the fight with Budge came to Will's mind and he wished suddenly to be back in that moment.

"If you are quiet, I won't kill you." Nigel was completely nude under the rope, something that Will hadn't planned to do to start with. But he had never got to see Hannibal naked. They were friends before they were enemies, and before they were friends again. There are very few reasons two men who are friends need to see each other naked.

But, with the chance to see somebody so similar without having to face Hannibal's thoughts about it. He wanted to see him naked. He wished he knew exactly what Hannibal looked like so he could compare, but… they were so similar. He could pretend they were identical.

Nigel's cock was soft and hung between his legs. He was large, even when he was soft. Which means he would be larger when he got bigger. Will was overly curious if he could get him to be turned on. He wanted to see him hard.

This wasn't his initial plan, but it's not like anybody was there to stop him. Nigel's eyes were on him though. Which made him feel tense. Will's hand went down his thigh, the other one coming up with the knife. The knife he pressed, not enough to cut, but enough or Nigel to feel the cool slide of it, onto the soft inside of his thigh. Nigel tenses up and lets out something that was probably supposed to be a curse but sounded more like a whimper. He presses the knife deeper until a small line of blood appears.

"He didn't hurt me though, except emotionally. He was very physical, which, I guess. Just shows how well I didn't know him." He pressed the knife deeper, slicing into the skin. Nigel made a grunt, and when Will looked up at his face, Nigel was watching him unblinking. His pupils were blown, and when Will checked between his legs, he could see him getting hard.

"You like this don't you? Maybe you aren't so different from Hannibal." He laughs under his breath, taking his knife to gently to press against the head of his cock. He wasn't circumcised, which again made Will think of Hannibal. He could feel himself getting hard in his jeans, and he hoped Nigel wouldn't notice. He wasn't attracted to men. He had never slept with one anyway, He didn't know why his hard-on was what he was feeling embarrassed about right now, he almost laughed to himself.

Nigel's cock jumped at the press of his blade, and he tensed up. His skin pressed tightly against the rope that Will had tied around him. His legs turned red and white with how hard he was straining against the well-tied knots.

"You struggle, but you are completely hard right now. I wonder if you would stay hard if I hurt you. Slit your stomach open and stuck my hand in to feel you from the inside." Will

trailed his knife softly over his stomach, his hand coming down to wrap around Nigel's dick. Nigel tries to thrust up into his hand, his eyes closed. Will squeezed it a little too hard and lets out a laugh when Nigel let out a shocked grunt around the shirt in his mouth.

The fact that he was turned on by this, was making Will more turned on. He had to press his hand against himself in his jeans to calm himself down. Will closes his eyes for a second, trying to get control of himself.

He trails the knife down Nigel's chest, which expands violently with the deep grins breath Nigel took through his nose. When the light blood shows up, he leans forward following the trail of blood with his tongue. The chest hair tickled his nose, and he lets out a small moaning noise. His hands go to Nigel's shoulder, and squeezed them tightly, kissing up Nigel's chest till he gets to his neck.

He pulls back, to watch Nigel's face. He was so like Hannibal. Will wished he had time to cut him open and eat and present him like Hannibal would. Leave him a present. He felt a bitter tug to his heart because Hannibal would never find him. It would be a present he would never see because Hannibal wasn't looking for him.

He was looking for Hannibal.

He at Nigel, his teeth showing, and he sits forward sinking his teeth into the meat on Nigel's shoulder. His teeth sink into it, and he pulls back blood dripping from his mouth. He chews the chews on the flesh he has in his mouth before he swallows it. It was salty, and he could see why Hannibal would cook it.

Swallowing it, he licks at the blood that drips slowly down Nigel's neck. Nigel groaned around the shirt in his mouth, and Will smirked to himself. The fact that he was finding pleasure in the pain was getting Will off more than causing the pain.

He wraps his fingers around Nigel's cock, and he tugs on it. Nigel's hips thrust up, as much as he could get himself to move in the tightness of the rope that was around him.

"You are so beautiful." Will kept his voice low, using the precum that came out of the tip of Nigel's cock to help the glide of his fingers. "You look so much like him, you are perfect. I wish I had time to tear you apart. Find out how everything worked inside you, maybe even inside your mind. I have things to do though. So I'll just leave you with a present." Nigel's eyes were closed, as Will's hand speed up.

Right when Nigel finally was coming, groaning around the t-shirt in his mouth. Will grunts, thrusting the knife into his stomach. He wasn't as harsh as Hannibal was to him. He was almost gentle with it, but he knew it hurt from how hard Nigel tensed up. He dragged the knife across his stomach, as Nigel's cock jerks out with his release. The blood seems to move in slow motion as it seeps out from the wound. Will presses his hand against the cut, letting the blood soak his fingers.

Nigel's body slumps to the side, and Will quickly undoes his pants getting a hand on himself. The cool touch of Nigel's blood on him, made him groan. He could feel his toes curling as he

starts to come. He closes his eyes, letting his body feel the aftereffects of his orgasm. When he opens his eyes, Nigel's eyes were closed, and his body was slumped over.

Taking the knife, Will calmly cut the ropes. The bed was covered in blood and semen. He sits Nigel down and sits presses the blanket to the cut on his stomach. He picks up the old phone that was sitting on the corner. He hits the button for the front desk and waits patiently for them to answer.

"You'll need to call an ambulance." He leaves the phone off the hook, the lady on the phone talking loudly and panicked. Will stands over Nigel, watching him for a second. He was beautiful, so like Hannibal. Covered in his blood and semen. Will leans down to press his lips against his, whispering against his lips. "I hope you survive this."

End Notes

Nigel's death is heavily implied, but if anybody wants a sequel where he gets with Adam and lives, I'm always a sucker for spacedogs.
Thanks so much for reading!
you can find me on twitter at @Grantairesbiga1

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